

Kate Elmore, Leading Lady

A Chapter from the Life of a Famous Actress

By G. R. Sims

"B Y Jove, Jack, old fellow, you've been a lucky dog," said Tom Yarbrough, as the last of his friends departed and he was left alone with him in the smoke-room of his charming "Queen Anne" house at Hampstead. Jack Smedley gave a little sigh. "Yes, Tom," he said, "I suppose I ought to consider myself lucky."

"You suppose?" Why, there can't be much supposition about it. Five years ago, Jack, things were rather different with you."

"They were, but I think I was happier then. Money's a jolly nice thing, Tom, but, like all other luxuries, it costs a good deal to acquire."

"Well, you have acquired it, so you ought to be contented. If you are not, I don't know who should be. Look at you. Barely thirty, strong, handsome, a universal favorite with the men as well as with the women; you've a lovely little house in town, a charming place at Brighton, your phaeton and Mrs. Smedley's Victoria are the smartest turn-outs in the park; you're the best of health and the best of luck; you're going to be taken into partnership by the biggest firm in the city, your wife's the prettiest and the jolliest little woman in the world, and—by Jove, old man, it almost takes my breath away to think what a lucky chap you are."

Jack Smedley let his friend run on, without replying to him. He sat back in the big easy chair and smoked his cigar with a look in his eyes that told of thoughts far away, and there crept over his face a shadow that few who knew Jack Smedley's face would have expected to see there.

His friend noticed it and it puzzled him. "What's the matter, Jack?" he said. "Aren't you well tonight?"

"Oh, yes, I'm all right. I've been a bit worried lately. You see this partnership is a big affair, but to tell you the truth it will rather tie my hands. I can't refuse it, because it's a certainty."

"Refuse it? I should think not. You ought to be put into a lunatic asylum for thinking of such a thing."

Either Jack Smedley didn't like the conversation, or he was tired of talking, for he rose and gave Tom a delicate hint that he would be glad to bid him good-night.

"You'll excuse me now, old boy, won't you?" he said. "I'm a bit tired, and I've got a lot of letters to write before I go to the city, as I have to meet the accountant and the lawyers with regard to the deed of partnership."

"I understand. Good-night, old chap. Shall I say good-night to Rose?"

"She's gone to bed, I think. I'll say good-night to her for you."

"Well," said Tom Yarbrough to himself, as he walked across the heath in the moonlight, "that's the way of the world. If, five years ago, anybody had told Jack Smedley that he'd one day be taken into partnership with Marton Brothers, the richest firm on the stock exchange, he would have jumped up to the ceiling with delight, and now that it's going to happen, I'm hanged if he doesn't look more like sinking through the floor with annoyance. What would I give to be in his shoes."

Jack Smedley—handsome Jack Smedley, as he was called by his friends—had lost his father when he was a lad. The Smedleys were what is popularly called "a good old country family." Jack's father had, however, brought the family to grief. He had squandered a goodly inheritance in leviathan gambling transactions. Horses and cards had been his weakness from youth and at last they had brought him where they had brought many a richer and many a better man before him—to ruin. The old home was broken up, the old hall sold, the estate realized to satisfy clamorous creditors, and then the bankruptcy court having given a final touch to the picture of "utter smash," Mr. Smedley with his wife and only son came up to London and were lost to view in a little house in a mean and melancholy side street in Notting Hill. Then, after a year or two of useless regrets for the stormy past, the elder Smedley shuffled off the mortal coil, leaving his widow the local tradespeople's bills to settle, two quarter's rent to pay, and a growing lad of fifteen to clothe, feed, and provide for in life.

(Continued in Section Two.)

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

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District 66

Archie and Doris Biggs have been sick with a severe cold.

George Dewey and wife, Dave Marple and wife Sundayed with C. C. Jackson and wife.

Mrs. W. G. Hansen and family spent Sunday at Mrs. Joe Hansen's.

Mary Kepley spent Sunday with Vyrle Jones.

Freddie and Charley Hansen went hunting Saturday.

Mrs. Ella McDonald and little Nellie are sick.

Fred Bowers and family Sundayed at Wm. Biggs'.

John Myers spent Monday night at Wm. Hansen's.

James and Ed Hudson of Rest, Lou McCowan and family, Grant McCowan and family, E. L. Tenen and wife spent Sunday at Grandma McCowan's.

Clay Tenen and Verne Patterson spent Sunday with Lee and Charles Gates.

Gas Marple and Murray Tenen went to Kincaid Saturday to visit a few days with Mr. Marple's parents.

Edith Chapple, May Morehead and Pearl Cresey spent Sunday with Ursula and Nellie Smith.

Jerome Neptune and wife moved their household goods to Chanute Thursday and Jim Bonnie moved to Chanute the same day.

Pete and Will Hansen and Bert Kepley are working on the pipe line.

Estil and Jesse Jones spent Sunday with Leslie and Aaron Kepley.

Pearl Eddy of Chanute spent the latter part of last and the first of this week with her sister Mrs. Grant McCowan.

Grant McCowan moved his family to Chanute Tuesday. His brother Lou will move into the house which he vacates.

Mt. Pleasant

Grandpa McCann is on the sick list.

Harry Pugh sold a horse one day last week.

Ray, Smith filled his regular appointment her Sunday.

Several from here attended church at Shaw Sunday night.

Charley Clark and family have moved in this vicinity to live.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Tripp have another little son at their home.

Skating was the great amusement the past week.

Geo. Taylor assisted Geo. Rush bale hay Saturday.

Ja per Northcut has purchased a farm near Gasburg. They are going to move this week.

Jesse Gilmore and wife of Erie visited their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Clark Saturday.

Hazel Miller and Hazel Ellis visited with Carrie Satterwhite Sunday.

Walter Bell visited with Olive Taylor, owner and Earl Miller and Lloyd Chilson last week.

May Ayers of Fairview visited with Violet Whitworth and attended church here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Chilson and Little ate dinner with Mr. and Mrs. August Debler and daughters, Estella and Bunch, Sunday.

The schoolmates and friends of Miss Florence Davidson gave her a farewell party Friday evening at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Northcut. Those present were: Misses Violet and Mabel Whitworth, Carrie Satterwhite, Lottie Chilson, Hazel Miller, Estella and Blanch Debler, Cora Eastburn; Messrs. Homer and Earl Miller, Frank, Charley and Clay Singer, Lloyd Chilson, Olive Taylor, Meritt and Leon Eastburn.

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Urbana

Warmer weather the past week.

Dr. Hes made a business trip to Chanute Tuesday.

Ethel Fisher went to Chanute Tuesday to help Mrs. Will Carson about moving.

Wm. Cox has moved to a farm northwest of Humboldt. We regret very much to lose so good a citizen.

George Blaucam from Oawaton Tuesday where he had been working in the asylum.

A. J. Smith was baling hay for Mr. Wolf Tuesday.

G. W. Triplett shipped a car of stock here Monday.

J. E. Rogers loaded a car of corn Monday.

corn Monday.

Mrs. Dr. Hes is on the sick list this week.

The Greeks are here again laying steel rails north of town.

El Ticknor and J. J. Powell went to Mead county last Tuesday and each filed on a homestead and was back home again on Thursday afternoon.

John Dawson was in town Tuesday doing some trading.

O. G. Howerton has rented property in Chanute and will move about the first of March.

B. F. Jacobs was in Chanute Tuesday for the purpose of obtaining a residence. He will move about the first of March.

OBITUARY

She died of nervous prostration and indigestion brought on by mental excitement and late dinner. She was a member of three card clubs and had won many prizes. She was rated the best player in the city. Not much more can be said.

PENSION DECISIONS

BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Veteran Furlough.—A "veteran furlough" with the organization to which the soldier belongs, is distinguished from a individual furlough and means a furlough given contemporaneously to the whole of said organization, embracing all its members and it is operative from date of or from the moment of the disbandment of said organization at the place and time designated for rendezvous until the reassembling of the organization at said rendezvous upon the expiration of said furlough; and an enlisted man, having such "veteran furlough," is regarded, during the existence of it as in the line of duty for pensionable purposes, "the same as if in the field or hospital."

Evidence. The written entries and statements of a public officer in the discharge of his official duty are attended with the legal presumption that his duty therein was properly performed.

A statement in the certificate for discharge that the disability, on account of which the soldier was discharged, existed prior to enlistment, not only outweighs the presumption of prior soundness, or the claimant's allegation thereto but satisfactorily establishes the fact stated, until the same is clearly proved.

Certificate of Disability.—Record evidence, such as a certificate of disability upon which a soldier was discharged from the service, made contemporaneously with the facts to which it relates, or upon which it was based and showing origin, should be accepted as proof appertaining to the incurrence of claimant's alleged disability. Such a record possesses a value superior to all other testimony in relation to the existence and signification of a given state of facts. The pension must be granted.

Affidavit Amendatory of Declaration.—An affidavit, having the effect of entirely changing the character of a claim, cannot be considered as a amendment to an original declaration and in order to be considered, it must state facts germane to the original basis of the claim.

Pathological Sequence.—The Department holds that, in determining the cause of a soldier's death from disease the opinion of the medical referee, defining the pathological relation of said disease to the origin of soldier's pensionable disability in the service, is generally conclusive. "In the absence of evidence showing a mistake or error upon his part."

One of the very smallest of the late Marshall Field's employees, and he was a very small boy indeed, once came to the great merchant with a request for an increase in wages.

"Huh!" exclaimed Mr. Field looking at him as if through a magnifying glass. "Want a raise do you? How much are you getting now?"

"Three dollars a week," chirped in the little chap.

"Three dollars a week!" exclaimed his employer. "Why when I was your age I only got two dollars."

"On, well, piped the youngster, perhaps you weren't worth any more."

There was a change in the pay roll. —Home Companion.

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